

(10)

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HUE and CRY
After Dr. *Sw---t.*

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A FARTHER
HUE and CRY
After Dr. J. J.
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G. W. J.

A
Genuine EPISTLE
FROM

*Matth*ew *Pres*r, Esq; at *Paris*,

To the Reverend

*John*son *Scri*pt, D. D. at *Windsor*.

WITH A
LETTER
TO

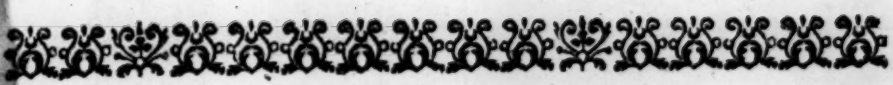
Sir *Patrick Lawles*,
Late the PRETENDER'S Nuncio.
By an unknown Hand.

Publisch'd from the Original Manuscripts,
By TIMOTHY BROCADE,
Late AUTHOR of the EXAMINER.

————— *Tempora mutantur,*
O Hominum ! O Mores ! —————

L O N D O N :
A N N O S A L U T I S M. DCC. XIV.

Price 6d.



Advertisement by the Publisher.

TH E following Epistle was found by Accident in the Chamber of the Person to whom it was writ, but something maimed and imperfect ; however it lets the Reader into some secret Passages then in Agitation.

It was writ before the Peace was finish'd, as is plain from many Passages in it, and was never design'd to see the Light by the Author, whoever he was. If it be enquir'd why it comes abroad at this Time ? the Reason is, that it was but last Week discover'd ; and tho' written some time ago, is still new to the World. If we can possibly recover the remaining Part of it, it shall be communicated in due time to the Publick.

T. B.

Putney, Aug. 12. 1714.



Advertisement by the Publisher

THE following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various offices of the Society, and who are now engaged in the execution of their duties. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and the offices are given in full.

It was with a view to the better management of the Society, and to the more efficient execution of its duties, that the following persons were appointed to the various offices of the Society, and who are now engaged in the execution of their duties. The names are arranged in alphabetical order, and the offices are given in full.

T.B.

Aug. 22. 1714.

Printed and Sold by T.B. at the Sign of the Crown in St. Pauls Church-yard.

E
C
Ho
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To
Th
H
T



A N

E P I S T L E

T O

Dr. S - - F T.

SINCE you, Dear *Jon--an*, alone best know
 The Pains we careful Writers undergo,
 How evenly our Measur'd Feet we tell,
 How justly think, and how correctly spell;
 To you my Muse her New Epistle sends,
 The best of Judges, and the best of Friends.

My Stile is the Familiar, Friend, you know,
 The same I us'd before to Old *Boileau*;

And

And not unlike to *That*, to tell you true,
Which pass'd between the *Tr---er* * and *You*.

What News abounds at *Paris* you desire,
And I what *Britain's* Court affords, enquire ;
L-wis, whom I in many a Ballad Rhyme
Have scourg'd from *W - - m's* down to *M - bro's* Time,
Looks Jovial, Gay, and Hearty, and appears
With better Face than *Me*, by Forty Years ;
He rises early, and the Afternoon
He toys away with honest *Ma---enon* ;
At Night the *New Academy* report
Their Politicks by *T---cy* to the Court ;
But all their waking Projects, and their Schemes
Are not so good as cunning *L-wis's* Dreams ;
None quicker to contrive or to debate,
None judges better of a *Nation's* Fate,
A Perfect *H - - ley* in Affairs of State.

Dr. S---it's Letter concerning the English Tongue.

If you would farther understand how we
 In this odd State of Peace and War agree,
 Know that the *Grand Monarch* but lately gave
 His true Effigies to his humble Slave;
 The Sacred Piece with Rev'rence I adore,
 Value the Picture much, the Jewels more:
 For certainly all Kings are then *Divine*,
 When their bright *Images* to Mortals shine,
 Or set in Diamonds, or imprest on Coin.

Thus Things are chang'd, you see, since I observ'd,
 That one *Mouse* fed Well, while the other starv'd; *
 And since my Fortune to such Height is come,
 I wist not who *Audits* or *Tells* at Home; †
 How high their Places and their Pensions mount,
 May Matt I throw *Abroad* for ever count.

See

* *First Epistle to Sir Fleetwood Sheppard.*

† See *Eric Robert's Misc.*

See what the Force of *Mighty Chance* can do,
 That turn'd a Poet to a *Plenipo*.
 Great *Goddeſs Chance*, to Thee I humbly bow,
 O hear thy Suppliant, and confirm his Vow ;
 As thy good Blindfold *Deity* of late
 Has alter'd all at once *Britannia's* State,
 And by a happily inverted Rule
 Mark'd *W—m* for a Wit, and *S—rs* for a Fool.
 Has *M—bro's* Military Fame decry'd,
 And made *Victoria* wait by *O—d's* Side.
 Still, mighty *Goddeſs*, in thy Courſe proceed,
 Aſſiſt thy Favourites, and aſſert Thy Deed
 On the firm Baſis of a *Secret Peace*,
 O let thy Power, and their Juſt Fame increaſe.

Pardon this ſhort excuſive Pray'r from me,
 Who never pray but in my Poetry ;
 And there at leaſt you with your Friend will join,
 Adding to *Layman's* Faith, thy Faith *Divine*.

But

But hold, — I had almost forgot the rest,
 I promis'd News, and you shall have the Best ;
 The D--ke, the P--ce, I know not what to name,
 Him that was W---s has now laid down his Claim ;
Lewis, to put the Question out of doubt,
 Sends him to seek his Father's Asses out ;
 But yet none knows while thus Young *Saul's* Astray,
 Whether he'll meet the *Prophet* in his Way.

Now for this celebrated *Peace*, — what? — Well,
 My Finger's in my Mouth, I dare not tell ;
 I must not speak a single Tittle more,
 You know I blunder'd out too much before ;
 But if, like me, you draw some Cullies in,
 One Word for all, you certainly must win.

You, who the *Sacred Page* have often read,
 And keep all useful Places in your Head,
 Know that in all these high *Mysterious Things*,
 Assent from *Faith*, and not from *Reason*, springs ;

With Rev'rence then the Terms of Peace explore,
 And what you cannot understand, adore ;
 Reason but little, Sir, and much believe,
 For sure *Such Ministers* can ne'er deceive.

But now from Publick and Important Cares,
 'Tis Time we mention next our own Affairs,
 And how we make a Shift to waste the Time
 Between the Bottle, Politicks, and Rhyme;
 Reviving *Tea* is in the Morning brought
 To settle Stomach, and to fix the Thought ;
 That mix'd with *Asses Milk* by Me's preferr'd,
 As fitter for the *Lean, Consumptive Bard*,
 Of mighty secret Virtue to restore
 The Spirits lost in Love the Night before.
 Then if the *Grand Negociation* fail,
 I chant a *Love-Ode*, or devise a *Tale*,
 From Gay *Fontaine* a *Dialogue* purloin,
 Improve the Smut, and set it down for mine ;

For such soft Strokes as necessary are
 To please the Fancy of the Reading Fair,
 As your New Excellence to strike the *Beaux*,
 Of Damn'ing Roundly in * *Hystoric Prose*.

At Dinner with my Friends I change the Strain,
 And drink Old *Lewis* in his own *Champaign*;
 Such Wine of Course the rising Soul provokes
 To witty *Dialogues*, and merry *Jokes*;
 That all Reserve and formal Cant defies,
 And shews the Friendly Soul without Disguise;
 Hence canvas we our *British* Statesmen, who,
 To *A—a* is, and who to *L—s*, true;
 Drink each Confiding Health in plenteous Draught,
 And count how many more may still be bought;
 Enquire which Way the Dubious Sway will bend,
 And whether some may Rule who yet *Pretend*?
 Dark are the Councils of Intriguing Fate,
 But *Ancient Prophecies* secure the State;

For I have found these Words, which long remain'd
Like some before † to be by you explain'd :

When in One Year Tway Fishes Dye,

And Cyderlando rises high,

Then Boy who was Young J—y once.

And Glos is called for the Nonce

Shall hope to be by Lilies Cheat

The King of Thame, and shall I weet.

Do you, whose *Astrologic* Vein is fit,

Unriddle what the Prophet's Pen has writ,

Such Revelations I presume should be

Only explain'd by a *Divine* like Thee,

While I the Purpose of the Muse pursue,

And tell those Secrets which are known to few.

Sometimes on *State-Affairs* we gently touch,

Laugh at the Bilk Imp—fts and D—ch,

And

And smile to think One G——I has undone
 That Train of Vict'ries which the other won:
 O! Glorious Warriour, O! Heroick Heat,
 That won by daring boldly to retreat;
 Whose *Laurel Crowns* no Bloody Victims cost,
 But only those which by his Friends were lost.
 Who now would fight, when he such Honour gains,
 For Marching leisurely through *Flandria's Plains*?
 Disgrace to W——m and to M——bro's Name,
 Who knew not this most easie Road to Fame?
 VVho vainly thought by fighting Foes to rise,
 And grow by Victories to reach the Skies?
 For sure whatever Poets may pretend,
 The safest Glory is to leave a Friend.

'Tis easie, Sir, to prove what here is meant,
 For since all Things are measur'd by th' Event,
 Since we those Actions most with Honour bless
 VVhich answer best that End which we profess;

If *Fighting* could not gain a Peace before,
 VWho by *not Fighting* gains it, merits more.

Then let the *Whig* in mean Reflection rail,
 Say it is seizing Honour by the Tail;
 Yet are those Maxims best which most conduce
 To Present Interest, and to Private Use.
 VWhat Politician ever made Pretence
 To mind the Circumstance of Wit or Sense?
 It is not who could best perform, but who
 Is warmest in the Cause which we pursue;
 What other Qualities could e'er prevail
 With Men of Parts to bid *Sacheverell* rail,
 Or teach the *Dapper Priest* * to vent his Spite,
 Or you the Celebrated *Conduct* write,
 That Piece to which each Speaker owes his Notes,
 And the VVife S---te more than half their V--tes.

* *The Rev. Mr. Trap, Author of Abra Mule. a Tragedy.*

O Noble Leaves ! O Sw--ft's Immortal Deed !
 Thee unborn *Tories* shall with Pleasure read,
 And bind Thy Sacred Pages with their Creed;
 To future Times *Thou* shalt recorded stand
 The Great *Historian*, who hast sav'd the Land;
 In *Bodley's* Library shall be inroll'd,
 Thy Covers and thy Back be wrought with Gold,
 And live when *Drake's* Memorial lies unfold;
 Go on Great Champion of the Church's Cause,
 With *Frogs* and *Bulls* still merit our Applause;
 Call Mother *Haggy* from the nether Skies,
 And make New *Ghosts* and *Apparitions* rise.
 The greedy Populace will all receive,
 And with implicit Confidence believe.
 By these more Converts shall thy Doctrine gain
 Than if thou compassed both Land and Main
 The Truth of Scripture Tenets to maintain.
 From these great Merits shalt thou soon become
 The Fav'rite Subject of the *Drawing-Room* ;

Thee

Thee o're their *Tea* the Ladies shall require,
 Repeat thy Jests, thy Modesty admire,
 Yet farther Honours shall exalt thy Pride,
 In the Gilt Coach thou shalt Triumphant Ride,
 And chat Familiar by his Lordship's Side ;
 And shortly (if the Muse inspire my Tongue)
 To Thee thyself the Chariot shall belong ;
 When Spite of *T---k* thou shalt install'd be seen
 The VVife, the VVitty, and *Believing D--n*.

My Zeal for you, you see, my Dear Divine,
 Transports my Fancy from my First Design ;
 While I too closely this lov'd Theme pursue
 I should have ask'd a Thousand Things of You,
 VVhat passes in the Cabinet and Court ?
 VVhat *Tories* act, and what the *Whigs* report ?
 If *Levi's* Sons still Sing their ancient Song,
That all are Slaves, and Kings can do no Wrong ?
 If still their *Synods*, made for Peace, engage
 In Civil Quarrels and Religious Rage ?

What

What, do they hope to grasp into their Hands
 The *Church's* Portion, her old *Abby-Lands*?
 Does my dear wicked *Harry* still pursue
 The witty *Maxims* which he learnt from you?
 And when he would his *Politicks* impart,
 Warm well with Wine *Phlegmatick* O—d's Heart?
 O in that Confort how I wish to join,
 And mingle T——n with the flowing Wine!
 To rail, impeach, and draw important Schemes,
 To * * *

Multa desunt.





A
LETTER to Sir PATRICK LAWLES,
Late the PRETENDER's Nuncio.

S I R,



THINGS of great Moment, to Men

in your Station,

I know should be sent without He-
sitation;

And therefore, dear Sir, I believ'd it most meet
To send ev'ry Line (very near) on six Feet.
The Cause is now o're, the Pretender is cast,
The *Parliament-Title* hath prov'd best at last :
His Council mistook ; for here lay the Flaw,
His Right, had he prov'd it, was not good in Law.
Had you, Sir, been here, you would almost have dy'd,
When *George* was proclaim'd not an old Woman
(cry'd ;

And

And what would have touch'd, I am sure, to the
 O—, B—, and the C—, lookt most wretchedly
 (quick,
 (sick.

Our Doctors advise 'em to go into *France* ;

They say they'll die here, without a great Chance,

Pray, Sir, tell the *Knight*, we are out of all Pain,

And I scarcely believe he'll stay in *Lorrain*.

The best he can do is to go to the Pope ;

A Cardinal's Hat I prefer to a Rope.

The Case now is alter'd, the Tables are turn'd ;

The Pope, and the Devil, and He may be burn'd.

Dear Sir, be assur'd, and you may take my Word,

Those Friends are no more, and who cares a T— ?

The *Knight* now may go, and groan *De Profundis*,

We'll sing *Te Deum*, for *England* our own is,

You'll think your old Friend now, has not kept his

When he swore (on a Time) he'd see him restor'd ;
 (Word ;

I tell you he has, you might have known better ;

He meant the Spirit, and you took the Letter.

Dear

Dear Sir, bid the *Knight* send his Pimps here no
 We'll not be debauch'd by his old painted Whore. ^{(more,}

His Pensioners here he'd do well to discharge,

They'll be of no Use, and his Friend's Debts are ^{(large.}

But if Money should fail, and that may be true ;

Give a List of their Names, we'll pay 'em what's ^{(due.}

This is all, Sir, at present, that I have to say ;

But that 'tis well for you, that you did not stay.

Dear Sir, I remain

Your—— a Pox on the Gout !

S'Death how it twinges ! Oh ! I can't write it out.

F I N I S.

(1)



A N
O D E
T O T H E
P R E T E N D E R.

Inscrib'd to Mr. Lesley and Mr. Pope.

I.

A Ttend, you Loyal *Britons*, to my Lays,
And thou, *Hereditary Right*, give ear;
Accept, Auspicious Heroe, this thy Praise,
Whether thou chusest *Perkin's* Name to bear,
Or *Glo'ster's* Duke, or *James* the Third, or doughty
(*Chevalier.*

A

And

And thou, O Sacred *Rome*, sublime my Song.

But hold—beware, my Muse, beware,
Rome, why, our Heroe has renounc'd her long,
Rome says her self he is no more her Son,
 And who can disbelieve the never-failing Chair?

Why then, you *Romish* Saints, begone,
 Begone, you Bravoes of the murd'rous Trade,
Coleman, with **Jenwick**, **Jaur**, the Muse dis-
 dains their Aid;

Low may they lye in Death as Life despis'd,
 Begone, you Saints, whom *Tyburn* canoniz'd.
 Yet, *Tyburn*, trust me, I bewail thy Wrong,
 Defrauded of thy Due, the Patron of my Song.
 O **Lesley**, thou my Patron, help me to rehearse
 Thy Prince's Praises in Immortal Verse.

And if the Youth's Conversion don't offend,
 A while, O **Pope**, thy daring Genius lend.

O could I Transubstantiate my Lays,
 And make them thine, to Sing the Heroe's Praise,
 Aloft I'd Soar, and Celebrate my Theme,
 In Lines as soft as soft * *Loddona's* Stream.

* See *Windfor-Forest*, a Poem.

II.

Be still, thou *Bath*, be still you steaming Springs,
 And thou, O *Tunbridge*, boast no more
 The Barren Womb unclos'd, thy fructifying Pow'r,
 A greater Wonder still my Story Sings ;
Sw—**t** Swears by G—d 'tis true, **Sach**—**I**
 believes,

By help of Consecrated Smock the Royal Nymph
 conceives.

Promis'd a Child when she could bear no more,
 The Son of *Terah's* unbelieving Wife,
 Laught, says the Scripture, from behind the Door.
 Nor could be brought to think it for her Life ;
 But **Holly** had more Faith, and in the self-same Case,
 Tho' at the Jest, except herself, all Smil'd,
 Put on the Smicket and a serious Face,
 And for her Faith was streight rewarded with a Child.
 With such a Child too—but her Pangs begin,
 Hark how she weeps, she groans, she cries,
 Feign'd as her Pangs, assist her, Pagan Deities,

Assist her, *Juno*, O assist her all,
 But no— she's got a speedier Machine,
 For see, her Pangs are o're, the Warming-pan's
 brought in,
 And shot into the Bed the Babe begins to squall.

III.

Nor thou, Auspicious Prince, nor thou disdain
 The servile Case of Warming-pan ;
 An Infant thou in Warming-pan wert held,
 And was not *Jobe* himself by *Corybantine* Brass
 conceal'd ?

Says Story, *Jobe* was suckled by a Goat,
 But when he march'd into the warring Field,
 He slew his Nurse, and stript her of her Coat,
 And cover'd with the Shag his ample Shield.

Our Prince thus arm'd from *Scotland* ran,
 With the same Piety *St. George's* Knight,
 Has hammer'd out his Native Warming-pan,
 And wears it on his Back, whene'er he goes to Fight.

O Princely Prudence ! Piety sincere !
 O happy Braß that gird'ſt the Royal Loins !
 The Scales, the Bow, the Sword, let Heaven no
 longer wear,
 Come down from Heaven, come down you meaner
 Signs,
 Mount thou, O Warming-pan, and with a Nobler
 Light
 Glad the refulgent Skies, and beautify the Night.

IV.

O *Gloſter*, *Chevalier*, O *James*,
 O animate the Muses Flames
 With the ſame Vigour as thou rann'ſt away
 From *Oudenard*, when *Brunswick* turn'd the Day,
 On *Oudenard's* unlucky Plain.
 Let *Brunswick* boaſt his War-horſe Slain,
 Yet *Brunswick* all in vain gave Thee the Chace,
 He loſt his Saddle, thou didſt win the Race.
 Let *Brunswick* boaſt his Faulchion bath'd in Blood,
 Call thou to Witneſs every *Gallick* Wood.

Call

(6)

Call thou to Witness every *Gallick* Plain,
What * Flocks of Wild-fowl that Right Hand has Slain;
Witness, thou *Seine*, with what a certain Slight,
He Intercepts the Swallow's mazy Flight ;
He takes her as she wavers in the Skim,
Her scatter'd Plumes adown thy current Swim.
Oh! should this dreadful Warriour come to Reign,
Tremble you Partridges on *Windsor's* Plain,
Fly, fly, you Woodcocks, fly from *Windsor's* Wood,
You Swallows sweep no more the Neighb'ring Flood ;
Swift to the Mark his deadly Thunder flies,
And soon as seen the springing Pheasant dies.

V.

Thee, *Lewis*, Thee, O Hospitable King,
The World admires, and the Muses sing ;
On thee the Pensionary Prince relies,
Look on the Youth, O look with Pity down !
Thou dost; and thanks to thee with greedy Eyes,
He meditates a Throne, and grasps a Crown.

* The *Pretender* is reported to be a great Shooter.

O **Lewis**, hadst thou liv'd in Pagan Time,
When Banish'd Heaven for a Pious Crime,

The God of Wit came down,
He had not fought **Admetus'** House,

Nor fed his Hogs, nor fed his Cows ;
Phoebus had harbour'd in *Lutetia's* Town.

The Silver *Seine* to hear his Song,
Reluctantly her ling'ring Folds had shov'd along ;
Versailles had ecchoed to his Strains, and *Marly*
Had heard him sing the *Grand Monarque* and his
Grand Crony H——.

V I.

Hail, **Bacchus**, hail, hail, Son of Thund'ring **Jove**,
Whether in *Nants* thou dwell'st or Rich *Champaine*,

Or else in *M——m's* Pumped Face,
Alight from thy Seat, present, and Oh prove
Our Godlike Prince of *St——rt's* Race,
Thou wert Twice Born, yet not a Man
So Blasphemous or Nice.

Denied

Denied thou wert the Thunderer's alone ;
 And though our Godlike Heroe was deliver'd Twice,
 Both from the Womb and Warming-pan,
 Sure all must grant he is— his Father's Son.
 Say why, O Critick, say why, Casuist,
 Our Prince is not a Prince of Worth ;
 You say a Second Thought is best,
 Why not a Second Birth ?
 Hail then, all hail, O Prince unfeign'd,
 In Thee united all the Gifts we see
 Of all thy House who have before thee reign'd :
 The steady *A* — *a*'s Constancy,
 And both the *C* — *s*'s Policy,
 And both the *J* — *s*'s Courage shine united all in Thee.

VII.

But why, when *Gallia* rears her drooping Head,
 Why mourns *St. Germain*s now the Peace is made ?
 The happy Peace is made, 'tis true, and they
 Must Joy indeed, but Joy with vast Allay.

The

The Prince, alas ! the Fav'rite Prince departs,
 No more his awful Eye-shine glads their Hearts ;
 No more shall they behold the Heroe come
 Laden with Hares and slaughter'd Wild-fowl Home ;
 Dejected see ! With many a rueful Groan,
 To far **Lorrain** he journeys o're the Plains,
 Whilst *P—b* and *Mel—d* to relieve his Moan :
 Assure him his next Step is to a Throne ;
 And bid him trust in faithful *H—s* Pains,
 Bid him be Valiant, and disperse his Fears,
 Bid him rely on *Sc—d's* Mutineers.
 Bid him not doubt whilst **Lesley** pleads his Cause,
 Whilst Senseless Cudgell'd **Roper** meets Applause,
 And whilst his Delegated *Sk—n* Slights the Laws.

VIII.

You mighty Pow'rs, what Nymph so Bright,
 Her Nation's Glory, and her Sex's Pride,
 Shall climb to such an envied Height,
 As to be crown'd the Peerless Prince's Bride ;

B

Dread

Dread Youth, once more thy Courage prove,
 And venture on a frightful but a friendly Dame,
 One that will glow with double Flame
 Of Brandy, and of Love.

Should *M——m* lose her Husband, in his Stead
 Be grateful, and admit her to thy Princely Bed.

O Equal Match ! O more than Happy Pair !

The Heroe Valiant, as the Lady Fair.

Advance, Oh *Hymen*, Oh advance,

At the Bride's Carbuncles thy Taper light ;

Let *B——m* and *L——n* lead the Dance,

And *B——e* and *O——d* fuddle out the Night ;

With Mirth and Musick let the Palace ring,

Sing *Io Perkin*, *Io M——m*, sing.

Advertisement.

*THE Following SCENE not being very Common,
 and having in it Something Extraordinary, the
 Reader may, if he pleases, find it in a Play left Imper-
 fect by Ben. Johnson, called, MORTIMER His
 FALL. MORTIMER is Introduc'd with this
 SOLILOQUY.*

M O R-



MORTIMER

H I S

FALL.

MORTIMER.

THis Rise is made, yet! and we now stand rank't,

To view about us all that were above us!

Nought hinders now our Prospect, all are even,

We walk upon a Level. *Mortimer*

Is a great Lord of late, and a New Thing!

At what a divers Price do divers Men

Act the same Thing! Another might have had

Perhaps the Hurdle, or at least the Ax,

For what I have this Crownet, Robes, and Wax.

There is a Fate that flies with tow'ring Spirits

Home to the Mark, and never checks at Conscience?

Poor plodding Priests, and Preaching Friars may make
 Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Isles
 Of Churches ring with that round Word: But we
 That draw the subtil and more piercing Air,
 In that sublimed Region of Court,
 Know all is good we make so, and go on,
 Secur'd by the Prosperity of our Crimes.
 To Day is *Mortimer* made Earl of *March*:
 For what? For that, the very thinking it
 Would make a Citizen start! Some Politick Tradesman
 Curl with the Caution of a Constable!
 But I, who am no Common-Council-man,
 Knew Injuries of that dark Nature done,
 Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
 To Fear of a Revenge. They're light Offences
 Which admit that. The great Ones get above it.
 Man doth not nurse a deadlier Piece of Folly
 To his high Temper, and brave Soul, than that
 Of fancying Goodness, and a Seal to live by
 So differing from Man's Life. As if with Lions,
 Beasts, Tygers, Wolves, and all those Beasts of Prey,
 He

He would affect to be a Sheep! Can Man
 Neglect what is so, to attain what should be,
 As rather he will call on his own Ruin,
 Than work t' assure his Safety? I should think
 When 'mongst a World of bad none can be good,
 (I mean so absolutely good and perfect
 As our Religious Confessors would have us;)

It is enough, we do decline the Rumour
 Of doing monstrous Things: And yet if those
 Were of Emolument unto our Ends,
 Even of those the Wiseman will make Friends,
 For all the Brand, and safely do the ill,
 As Usurers rob, or our Physicians kill.

F I N I S.

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